

OCALA EVENING STAR

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PHONE 51

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(Domestic)	(Foreign)
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RISES TO DEFEND ITS RATES

The Star has received the following from the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce:

Editor Star: In a recent issue of your valuable paper, we note the following:

"A business man of Ocala gave us an interesting piece of information the other day. He ordered some goods from New York via the Clyde Line and Jacksonville. By mistake they were consigned to the Mallory line and came by Tampa. They arrived a little late, but when they came he was surprised to find that his freight was 31 cents per hundred pounds less than if they had come through Jacksonville. Ocala, by the way, has always been considered as in Jacksonville territory, but if anything like that difference exists on other freights, it might be advantageous to move Tampa's line to the north of this city."

If the gentleman referred to received a shipment from New York via Tampa at a less rate than he would have paid if it came by way of Jacksonville, he has been undercharged.

For your information, we give the following:

To Ocala via Mallory and Tampa:
Classes 1 2 3 4 5 6

1.57 1.38 1.15 .96 .80 .70
Via Clyde-Jax 1.29 1.15 .97 .74 .61 .50

Difference .28 .23 .18 .22 .19 .20
In addition, all the commodity rates are less via Jacksonville than via Tampa. Ocala merchants who have their commodities shipped via Jacksonville find that from the northern ports there is an average of more than one boat to Jacksonville per day with a three-day service and then through fast freight to Ocala. Parties shipping by way of Tampa would find that there is one boat per week with a six-day sailing time and no fast freight service.

We are not giving you these figures in any spirit of criticism of Tampa for we all agree that she is a wonderful city and has a wonderful future, but we cannot have an incorrect statement such as this left unchallenged, and are sure that you will gladly give this correction the same publicity that you gave this item.

Appreciating your courtesy in this matter, we are, Yours very truly,
George E. Leonard, Secretary.

AMERICA STANDS FOR THE HIGHEST IDEALS

In his speech at Omaha Thursday night President Wilson took up the relation of this country to the rest of the world because of the war. In his late afternoon talk before the Commercial Club he discussed the relations of the government of this country to the business interests, pointing out the old cry of "Stop" to the business interests has been replaced by instructions to go ahead under sane regulation.

"It is very important that other nations should understand America," said he at the night talk. "We have held off from the conflagration in Europe because we wanted to play a different part. The causes of the European war are not plainly known, but Europe should know us. We are holding off because when we use the force of this nation we want to know what we are using it for. There is as much fight in America as in any nation in the world. We want always to hold the force of America to fight for the rights of mankind, not for the rights of property. But in fighting for these things we must have absolute allegiance to America. We must be truly American. The rights of humanity are the essence of freedom."

IS THIS CLOSE ENOUGH?

While you are considering setting the clocks an hour ahead, in order to gain that much daylight, you might consider the example of Germany. The Germans tried the plan a year and then resumed the regular time. If the plan would have worked well, it is exceedingly likely they would have stuck to it. The Star thinks people in this country will find it pays them best to observe standard time, and if they want more daylight to secure it by the simple method of rising sooner. Ocala Star.

But why use Germany as a criterion. Ask the citizens of Detroit or Cleveland what they think of their new time schedule.—Clearwater Sun.
The best answer to this is the following from the Times-Union: "England and Germany both turned their clocks forward an hour and then turned them back again, but there are still people in this country who think they can fool the sun."

Callahassie Elks will journey to Gainesville, to initiate a large class into the B. P. O. E. lodge in the University City next Thursday night. The trip will be made in autos.

A special from Washington to the Jacksonville Metropolitan says: "The federal farm loan board informs Senator Fletcher it probably will be at Jacksonville on October 20 to conduct a hearing in which the whole state of Florida will be interested. It will be

in reference to the location of a farm loan bank. No other hearing will be conducted in Florida. Any cities of Florida desiring the bank will be requested to send delegates to Jacksonville."

HOW THE SOLDIERS

FARED ON THEIR JOURNEY

The following from the Tampa Times will be interesting to all who have friends in the Second Florida Regiment:

On Train Between New Orleans and Mexican Border (somewhere in Texas), Oct. 4.—Speeding in four sections, the Second Florida Infantry is every moment nearing the Mexican border at Laredo, after spending three months in training at Black Point, Florida. About the time most of the members of the Florida contingent had decided that a trip to Mexico was but a mythical journey, Colonel Albert H. Blanding received orders from the war department to proceed. Immediately upon receipt of the orders, the camp became a veritable beehive of activity, and several hours before the trains were ready Florida's soldiers were ready to a man.

Some delay was experienced getting away from Black Point, and the ride from Jacksonville to Montgomery was not a record breaker for speed, but after leaving Montgomery for New Orleans fast time was made, and the stay of forty-five minutes in the Crescent City was far too short to suit the majority of the men who would have been glad to look the city over.

When Montgomery was reached Tuesday night about 6:30, the officers and men of the Second Battalion disembarked from their Pullmans and enjoyed a battalion parade on the streets of the capital for thirty minutes, limbering the men up after having been on the train for twenty-four hours. Generous applause greeted the troops from South Florida, and numerous complimentary remarks were heard on every side as the soldiers marched by, such as "Fine work, boys," and "Hurrah for Florida," all of which made the officers and men alike feel that their three months of hard drilling had some redeeming features after all.

The red clay hills of Georgia and Alabama proved quite a sight to some of the soldiers who had never seen them before, but the most interesting sight so far is the wonderful delta lands of Louisiana, with their thousands of acres of cane. Mile after mile passed with nothing on each side of the train but the waving tops of cane with now and then the stacks of an immense cane mill protruding above the tops.

Ample provisions were stored in the baggage car that is attached to the two Pullman cars assigned to each company, and while it is a little inconvenient eating at meal times, especially when the train happens to be going at a high rate of speed, so far none of the men have complained of not getting enough to eat.

Friday was the saddest day Ocala has seen in many years, and all sincerely wish that another like it will never be known in our little city.

Tuesday the Reporter-Star printed an editorial from the Ocala Star on "Intolerance," and yesterday we had one from the Ocala Banner on "What Is It to be a Democrat?" Both treated of questions growing out of the governorship mixup, and both were convincing arguments against Catts and his false issue. Ocala is to be congratulated on having such able and outspoken editors. We venture that the Catts vote will be negligible in Marion as a result of the strong and consistent work of these writers.—Orlando Reporter-Star.

Well, we don't know. Every Catts man we meet declares we are making votes for Catts.

A man who allows his religious prejudice to control his politics has either very little religion or very little sense.—Tampa Tribune.

One of the truest things you ever said. But why take this shot at your own candidate?—Ocala Star.

We were aiming at some one else.—Tampa Tribune.

No matter who you aimed at, you hit Rev. Catts in the bulls-eye.

Not much news comes out of Egypt these days, but there is enough to convince the world that England, sitting on the lid, has not an altogether soft seat.

The republican candidates will address the people of Ocala from the bandstand in the public square Monday evening, and we hope they will have a large audience.

There is one thing certain and that is that the Bulgars and Rumanians are the most talented liars engaged in the great war.

For delicious hot biscuits use Juba Self-Rising Flour. At all grocers. 6c

1917?

By
EDWIN BALMER

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(Continued from Yesterday)

CHAPTER XVII.
Millions in Flight.

"SHE knew it! That's why she jumped. She was in on it." Jim gasped to himself over and over as he ran. "She knew it was coming."

He stumbled over something and fell forward very hard. When he got up he noticed a long shadow before him from some light behind. He looked about and saw the headlight of another train coming from the west—undoubtedly another troop train from Chicago. Jim scrambled up on the grade and ran up the track toward the headlight, waving his arms. The train slowed and stopped. He screamed his warning to the engineer. The train crew and armed men—Jim saw the crossed sabers of Mart's cavalry regiment—crowded about him. Jim told them what had happened, and the armed men ran down the track ahead of the engine, which now slowly proceeded. Jim refused their invitation to go aboard the train. He stepped to the side of the track and waited till it was gone.

It was all dark again about him, but he was near the spot where Marion Mariatt had leaped from the car step, and he had seen something huddled in a heap on the soft ground a little away from the track. He went to the heap and knelt beside it. That was she. He sat down and pulled her over into his lap.

She was slight and little and very limp now as he held her. Was she dead? Her cheek lay quite cold against his neck. He pulled off her clumsy gloves, and her hands were cold and limp. How soon after death did one stiffen? Jim did not know. He had never touched a dead person, except in the minute after he was killed. There was no pulse in Marion Mariatt's wrist; there seemed to be no breath between her lips. Jim unbuttoned the blouse-jacket and felt for a throb over her heart. There was warmth there, at least—yes, and life.

He tried to rise, holding her, and could not. He laid her down, got to his feet and picked her up. There was a house a couple of hundred yards away. The windows had blazed into light since the wreck. Jim staggered toward the house, carrying Marion. He laid her down twice to rest himself. Then he gained the house. The door stood open and a lamp was burning within, but no one was about. Every one had run down to the wreck. There were three bedrooms on the first floor of the house. Two had been occupied, the bedding used. The third room was a spare room with clean linen on the bed. Jim bore Marion Mariatt to this bed and laid her down. He took off her little boots and her puttees. He loosened her blouse further and was looking about for water or brandy when he heard some one running. A woman, breathless and excited, entered and saw him.

"They sent me back!" she explained to Jim her return to her own house. "They sent me back to get the beds ready and make bandages. There are

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hundreds dying, they say. Oh, it's awful!"

"Have you brandy?" Jim asked. The woman found it, and he led her to the spare room.

"A girl!" the woman cried. "Oh, the lovely, sweet thing! Oh, sir, is she yours?"

Jim shook his head. "No. I just found her beside the track."

The woman touched Marion Mariatt's cheek with awe. "The lovely thing! Oh, the sweet, lovely little lady!"

"She's only fainted, I think. I'll leave her with you now," Jim said, and went unsteadily out of the house.

The wreck was burning, or the rescuers had lit a great bonfire near it to give light for the work. Jim turned toward the glare, and found a road which led to the fire. It was the



The Engine and the Cars Plunged Headlong into the River.

wreck which was burning. There had been a bridge over a stream which now was almost dry. The first span of the bridge had been blown up, and engine and cars plunged headlong into the bed of the river.

It was a bad wreck indeed. The men of Jim's battalion who had escaped serious injury and the cavalrymen from the following train were pulling form after form out of the ruins of the cars. They put out the flames now with water from the stream. At last a long line of bodies lay on the river bank. Another row of the desperately injured lay awaiting removal. The country road was full of farmers' carts and men with improvised stretchers bearing moaning and delirious men to the nearest shelters. Jim found himself sick and shaky as he set himself to help.

This dynamiting a bridge in front of a troop train was, of course, simply an act of war. This was only the carrying out of one of the many score of such plans as he had read in the secret orders to the regent's agents in the house of the spies—those orders which Marion Mariatt had been helping to prepare. But the horror, the barbarity of these orders had not been able to reach him in full till now. These—these rows of dead, those lines of dying and mangled men, destroyed not in fair battle, but by stealth or treachery while they were asleep—this was what one of those orders meant.

Could Marion Mariatt have realized it, Jim challenged himself almost crazily as he worked. Could she, that lovely little woman whom he had left on that white bed—could she have had any part at all in this? She had lain like a child in his arms. And now she stared at him and brought the blood hot to his cheeks when she denied that she was a spy! Oh, was it possible that she knew nothing of this? Might it be that his accusation of her had driven her to leap from the train that moment when he turned away, and that she had no knowledge that the bridge there was about to be destroyed? Jim was staid and stronger while he was convincing himself of that.

Now everything had been done which might be done for the injured. Jim turned away from the wreck and wandered back toward the house where he had left Marion Mariatt. He went in through the open door. The house had become a tiny hospital, and in the spare room where Marion Mariatt had been a recruit now lay with a country doctor working over him.

"Where is she—the girl I brought here?" Jim demanded of the woman. "Oh, we brought her about right quick!" the woman boasted. "She wasn't hurt much—the lovely little lady. She was only a bit faint and dizzy."

"Where did she go?"

"The woman didn't know. She supposed the girl went down toward the wreck. Anyway, she went out by herself and quite all right, the woman thought, though in queer clothes."

The notes of a bugle call echoed over the field. Jim did not recognize the call, but its meaning was obvious. The scattered infantrymen and cavalrymen were being recalled. Jim returned to the track. Two more trains from the west had come up and stopped behind the troop train which had brought the cavalry. The headlight of a west-bound train glared at the wreck from the other side of the river. Other trains stood in a long line behind it. Some of the passengers from these trains from the east crossed the river and mingled with the soldiers. These passengers were refugees, too, of the sort which Jim had seen in the station at Chicago. Jim heard first from one of these refugees—a woman—that soldiers under the direction of officers were stripping certain of the dead so that live soldiers could wear their uniforms.

An hour after sunrise the train at last got away. By noon, running through Ohio, it began to pass trains full of refugees who had fled from the coast after it was known that the American fleet was destroyed. Company F ate once during the day. It was at Cleveland, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The train stopped there to change engines. There were no arrangements made to supply the soldiers. The company officers learned that the train would stay there for at least half an hour, and every one was told to go out and forage for himself.

Jim gazed out the open window at his elbow. A wide river with high

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